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EPHRATA.



PENCILINGS

ABOUT

EPHRAATA,

BY A VISITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1860.

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EPHRATA.

The almost magical strides which this Republic has made in the comparatively few years of its existence, and the peculiar character of the nation, constantly striving for new achievements, rather than contemplating the works of the past, have had the tendency to bury in oblivion, the facts which gave interest to many localities, and which in future years will be sought for in many cases in vain. That such may not be the fate of matters connected with the classic ground around Ephrata, an effort has been made to preserve papers and documents calculated to aid the curious in their researches. It is contemplated to have these papers compiled, and at some future time published at length, in book form; for the present they remain in the hands of Joseph Konigmacher, Esq.

The settlement of Ephrata was caused by a circumstance of romantic interest.

A religious society was formed in Germany, in the year 1708, by eight persons, male and females, who entered into a covenant to unite in the examination of the rules and doctrines gathered from the New Testament, and to form a mode of worship and life in conformity with the result of their investigations. The society thus formed, is known in this country as the Dunkers, which is a corruption of the German word *Taeufer*, signifying

Baptist. Persecution soon drove them from their homes, and Alexander Muck, a leader amongst them, devoted his property to the common use of the society, and emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1729—where the belief obtained many converts, and a church was formed at Mill Creek, in Lancaster county. Conrad Beissel, one of the members of this church, was very earnest in his researches after truth, and soon became impressed with a conviction that the seventh day of the week should be observed as the Sabbath. He issued a tract contending for these views, in the year 1725, and owing to the excitement caused by it at Mill Creek, he retired secretly to a cell on the banks of the Cocalico, where he remained for some time undiscovered by his brethren, during this time his opinions had prevailed with many of the society at Mill Creek, and when his retreat was found, they gathered about it and built cottages; so that the hermit's cell was the nucleus, around which the future town of Ephrata gathered.

In the year 1732, the solitary cottage life was changed into a conventicle one, and a monastic society was established, and buildings were erected in the following year.

The dress adopted was, for the brethren, in addition to the usual costume, a long white gown or cowl, of texture suited to the season; the sisters a slight change in the shape of the cowl.

“The first buildings of the society of any consequence, were Kedar and Zion; a meeting house and convent, which were erected on the hill called Mount Zion. They afterwards built larger accommodations, in the meadow below, comprising a sisters' house, called Saron, to which is attached a large chapel and “Saal” for the purpose of holding Agapas, or Love Feasts. A brothers' house, called Bethania, with which is connected the large meeting room, with galleries, in which the whole society assembled, for public worship, in the days of their prosperity, are which are still standing.

“The buildings are singular, and of very ancient architecture; all the outwalls being covered with shingles, or clapboards.

The two houses, for the brethren and sisters, are very large, being three and four stories high: each has a chapel for night meetings, and the main buildings are divided into small apartments, each containing between fifty and sixty, so that six dormitories, which are barely large enough to contain a cot (in early days a bench, and billet of wood for the head) a closet and an hour glass, surrounded a common room, in which each subdivision pursued their respective avocations. On entering these silent cells, and traversing the long narrow passages, visitors can scarcely divest themselves of the feeling of walking the tortuous windings of some old castle, and breathing in the hidden recesses of romance. The ceilings have an elevation of but seven feet; the passages leading to the cells, or kammers, as they are styled, and through the different parts of both convents, are barely wide enough to admit one person, for when meeting a second, he has always to retreat. The doors of the kammers are but five feet high, and twenty inches wide, and the window, for each has but one, is only eighteen by twenty-four inches; the largest windows affording light to the meeting rooms; the chapels, the saals, and even the kammers, or dormitories, are hung and nearly covered with large sheets of elegant penmanship, or ink paintings; many of which are texts from the scriptures, executed in a very handsome manner, in ornamented Gothic letters, called in German, *Fractur-Schrifter*. They are done on large sheets of paper, manufactured for the purpose at their own mill, and serve on every side to admonish the resident, as well as the casual visitor. There are some very curious ones: two of which still remain in the chapel attached to Saron. One represents the narrow and crooked way, done on a sheet of about three feet square, which it would be difficult to describe; it is very curious and ingenious: the whole of the road is filled up with texts of scripture, reminding the disciples of their duties, and the obligations their profession imposes upon them. Another represents the three Heavens. In the first, CHRIST, the shepherd, is represented gathering his flock together; in the second,

which is one foot in height, and three feet wide, three hundred figures in Capuchin dress, can be counted, with harps in their hands, and heads of an innumerable host; and in the third is seen the Throne surrounded by two hundred Arch-Angels. Many of these Fractur-Schrifter express their own enthusiastic sentiments on the subject of Celibacy, and the virtue of a recluse life, whilst others are devotional pieces."

"One of the buildings having been erected thirty-eight years, was converted into a Hospital during the American Revolution, and afterwards occupied as a school house. The house stands no more; the spot it occupied is still pointed out to the casual visitor, by the courteous inhabitants of Ephrata.

A few days after the battle of Brandywine had been fought, September 11, 1777, four or five hundred of the wounded soldiers were taken to Ephrata, and placed in the Hospital. Doctors Yerkel, Scott, (the father of Col. Joseph Warren Scott, of New Jersey,) and Harrison, were the attending surgeons and physicians. The wounds and camp fever, baffled their skill: one hundred and fifty of the soldiers died here; they were principally from the Eastern States, and Pennsylvania, and a few British, who had deserted and joined the American Army.

"The first of them that died here, was buried with the honors of war; a funeral sermon, preached by one of their own number, appointed for that purpose. This practice was continued for some time, till they began to drop off too rapidly to allow time for the performance of the ceremony, when every thing of the kind was dispensed with.

"The place where they rest, is enclosed; and for many years, a board, with this inscription:

**"Hier Ruben die Gebeine von vieler
Soldaten,"**

was placed over the gate of the enclosure. The board with the inscription, is no more.

The board has given place to a monument, the corner stone of which was laid September 11th, 1845; this was achieved through

the exertions of a company chartered by the Legislature, under the title of the "Ephrata Monument Association," the officers were

President.

JOSEPH KONIGMACHER.

Directors.

COL. RICHARD R. HEITLER, JEREMIAH MOHLER, WM. SPERA,
COL. JOHN BAUMAN, ED. KONIGMACHER.

Treasurer and Secretary.

JEREMIAH BAUMAN.

The ceremonies at the laying of the corner stone were of marked interest; the orator of the day was the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia; limited space will permit but a short extract from his oration. He said:

"We stand on holy ground.—The soil beneath us is steeped in the blood of patriots—the very dust of the earth around us is companioned with the ashes of our nation's defenders: the solemn breeze of mid-day pauses as it sweeps along as if to take up again the notes of prayer and praise, which in other times it bore onward and upward, the odors, that it had stolen from the wild flowers around, blending with the incense of piety which was breathed from this sacred hill.

"We stand on holy ground.—The patriotism that led to death the multitude of tenants of the earth below, has found response in the men of our day, who, not called to repeat the sacrifice, are yet able to appreciate the spirit in which it was made, and to acknowledge the obligation which it imposed.

"We stand on holy ground.—The sanctified piety which expresses itself in acts of goodness to others, is remembered here this day in gratitude; and the legitimate heirs of those who gave their home to the wounded patriot, and a grave to the dead, have come up hither to put their seal upon the deed by which this land in its new dedication becomes the nation's, and

to show themselves heirs not more to the extended wealth than to the lowly and truthful virtues of their pure minded ancestors.

“We stand on holy ground.—A sense of the place and the duty has hushed the martial notes that but now pealed upon the air. The lofty plume that was waiving in the breeze is veiled in deference to the time; and freemen who were walking their sentry round upon the ramparts of liberty, to school themselves in its defence, have paused amid the solemnity of the hour, and stand silent in the awful influences of the place and the duties of the occasion.”

The most prominent of the holy men of Ephrata, was Peter Miller, who, in addition to his Christian virtues was a noted scholar and an ardent and active patriot, he was in continued correspondence with Washington during the Revolution, and rendered material aid in the shape of ammunition, besides supplying an asylum for the wounded and weary soldiers.

Some of Peter Miller's letters are now in the possession of the Philosophic Society of Philadelphia, preserved among the papers of Franklin.

His services were frequently needed by the government, he translated by their order the Declaration of Independence, after its adoption, into several languages.

At the time Congress left Philadelphia and met at Lancaster for safety, the Continental money was printed at Ephrata.

The difficulties and disadvantages which these hardy pioneers had to contend with in putting up their buildings, may be imagined, when it is known that they had to prepare all the timber, &c., unaided by machinery or power, save their own strong arms; trees were cut down in the forest and dragged by hand, (they had no horses,) to their required position. The locks and hinges of the doors were made of wood, and the window sashes cast from lead.

As a religious community they never lost sight of their duty to God, in their efforts to have home comforts around them, and to their honor be it said, that the *first Sabbath School in the world* was established at Ephrata.

Their history is replete with matters of interest and instances of their pure single heartedness are numerous. The writer has had the advantage of hearing from Mr. Konigmacher, (who treasures every item of information with regard to them, which comes within his reach.) many anecdotes, either one of which would, in the hands of a novelist, furnish interesting and instructive matter for a volume, and serve to make the reader a more ardent admirer of human nature, untarnished by the rough contact of the busy outer world.

They were independent of the world, an industrious manufacturing community supplying within themselves their own wants. The leather was tanned upon which to make the card, the card was made, the sheep raised and sheared, the wool carded, spun and wove all by their own hands, upon their own premises. They wrote and printed valuable books when printing was in its infancy here, and specimens of their typographic art are still in existence, and reflect credit upon their labors.

“The principles of the Seventh Day Baptist Society of Ephrata, but little understood, generally, and much misrepresented abroad, may be summed up in a few words, viz :

1. “They receive the Bible as the only rule of faith, covenant, and code of laws for church government. They do not admit the least license with the letter and spirit of the Scriptures, and especially the New Testament—do not allow one jot or tittle to be added or rejected in the administration of the ordinances, but practise them precisely as they are instituted and made an example by Jesus Christ in his word.

2. “They believe in the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the trinity of the Godhead ; having unfurled this distinctive banner on the first page of a hymn book which they had printed for the Society as early as 1739, viz : ‘There are three that bear

record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost : and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit and the water, and the blood ; and these three agree in one.'

3. "They believe that salvation is of grace, and not of works ; and they rely solely on the merits and atonement of Christ. They believe, also, that that atonement is sufficient for every creature—that Christ died for all who will call upon his name, and offer fruits meet for repentance ; and that all who come unto Christ are drawn of the Father.

4. "They contend for the observance of the original Sabbath, believing that it requires an authority equal to the Great Instigator to change any of his decrees. They maintain that, as he blessed and sanctified that day for ever, which has never been abrogated in his word, nor any Scripture to be found to warrant that construction, it is still as binding as it was when it was reiterated amid the thunders of Mount Sinai. To alter so positive and hallowed a commandment of the Almighty, they consider would require an explicit edict from the Great Jehovah. It was not foretold by any of the prophets, that with the new dispensation there would be any change in the Sabbath, or any of the commandments. Christ, who declared himself the Lord of the Sabbath, observed the seventh day, and made it the day of his especial ministrations ; nor did he authorize any change. The Apostles have not assumed to do away the original Sabbath, or give any command to substitute the first for the seventh day. The circumstance of the disciples meeting together to break bread on the first day, which is sometimes used as a pretext for observing that day, is simply what the seventh day people do at this day. The sacrament was not administered by Christ nor by the Apostles on the Sabbath, but on the first day, counting as the people of Ephrata still do, the evening and the morning to make the day.

5. "They hold to the apostolic baptism—believers' baptism—and administer true immersion, with the laying on of hands and prayer, while the recipient yet remains kneeling in the water.

6. "They celebrate the Lord's Supper at night, in imitation of our Savior;—washing at the same time each other's feet, agreeably to his command and example, as is expressly stated in the 13th chapter of the Evangelist John, 14th and 15th verses. This is attended to on the evening after the close of the Sabbath—the Sabbath terminating at sunset of the seventh day; thus making the supper an imitation of that instituted by Christ, and resembling also the meeting of the Apostles on the first day to break bread, which has produced much confusion in some minds in regard to the proper day to be observed.

"Celibacy they consider a virtue, but never require it, nor do they take any vows in reference to it. They never prohibited marriage and lawful intercourse, between the sexes, as is stated by some writers, but when two concluded to be joined in wedlock, they were aided by the Society. It (celibacy) was urged as being more conducive to a holy life.

"They do not approve of paying their ministers a salary. They think the gospel was sent without money and without price, and that every one called to preach the word, should do it from the love of the cause, and in this matter to follow the advice and example of Paul. However, they never had any scruples in affording their ministers such supplies of life as they possess themselves, and they gave them the same support the other brethren enjoyed. Individual members may give, as presents, what to them seemeth fit, in money, goods, &c; and whenever the minister travels for religious purposes, if needy, he is supplied with money out of the treasury to bear his expenses.

EPHRATA MOUNTAIN SPRINGS.

About two-thirds of the way up the mountain which overlooks the town of Ephrata, this now popular place of resort is situated: Twelve years since it was the farm and residence of Joseph Konigmacher, and visited only by his personal friends, and those who sought the aid of the water cure system, an establishment of that kind being located in the neighborhood.

At the solicitation of a friend Mr. Konigmacher was induced to make arrangements for the accommodation of a few boarders during the summer. His house at that time would only afford room for twenty-five persons, in addition to his family.

The numerous applications for rooms for the following summer induced him to enlarge his accommodations by building a commodious house adjoining the homestead, this enabled him to increase his list to one hundred, but as the beauties of the place became known its popularity increased, and each year added to the buildings, until now five hundred visitors can be comfortably entertained, and all the luxuries and improvements of city houses have been introduced.

The Cold Springs of the mountain have been turned into pipes to supply the hydrants and fountains with the refreshing and invigorating waters. Boilers supply the baths with hot water to temper them to the weak, and every convenience for the sick and feeble has been carefully provided that could be achieved.

Those who have visited Ephrata, and watched its development as a watering place, and its speedy advance into popularity and notoriety, whilst they commend the attention and enterprize of its proprietor in the preparations which he has made, for the pleasure and comfort of his guests, and accord to the architect and mechanics all praise for their skill and ingenuity, cannot but feel how poor the works of man are, and how feeble these attractions appear, when compared to what nature has done for this spot, which she seems to have selected for a special display of her power in making earth attractive to man.

Here she has, in gentleness, set before us mountain scenery in its softest beauties, not the wild and rugged, rocky and torrent torn scenes of Switzerland and the Alps; but the reality of the fancy sketches of Claude Loraine, the mountain capped with the rich forest trees of our country, and the valley and slopes in the highest state of cultivation, with the farm houses dotted around in places, which, from the peculiar relief given by them to the scene, would lead one to believe that old Peter Miller himself had been an artist, and had imbued his successors with his love of the picturesque.

Standing upon this mountain 1250 feet above tide water, the eye commands a view of many miles around, overlooking valley and hills, on all sides; cities and towns are distinctly visible at great distance, and the foreground presents beauties which are only to be found in the rich and highly cultivated valleys of Pennsylvania. When the grain fields are ripening, the rich golden yellow of the wheat waving and undulating before the summer breeze and glittering in the sun, in contrast to the deep green of the corn and oats, all varying each hour of the day as the rays of the sun strike them in different angles; these effects, brought out more strongly by the deep back ground of the graceful outline of the range of hills and mountains in the distance, *then* the view is magnificent, and the heart must be cold indeed that will not soften under its influences. Again, when Autumn is asserting her rights, and the trees assume those varied and

beautiful colors, which seem like efforts of friends departing for a time, efforts to leave the most favorable impression on our minds, that memory will treasure them as objects of beauty and pleasure until they shall return again ; when the forest puts on these varied colors, then again Ephrata appears a favorite of nature, and man's art would fail to depict the beauties which, in favor, his eye is able to appreciate.

Standing upon the observatory far above the highest peak of the mountain, the eye drinks in beauties from every quarter. The forest of the mountain on one side, gives place to the cultivated grounds around the Springs and a succession of fields down the slope to the Cocalico, in the valley, with the houses of the community and their successors upon its borders ; in the distance farms and farmhouses, mills and mill ponds, villages and woods, are noted, until the eye is rested by the graceful undulations of the mountain and hills upon the Susquehanna. In another quarter the rising and falling of the mountain range is marked only by the tops of the forest trees, which seem in a calm day like a sea, whose motion had been arrested just as its waves had assumed their most graceful position. Again we turn and cultivated grounds are succeeded by ranges of hills, through which an occasional gap exhibits beauties still more distant. In another quarter the foreground shows a large and populous city, far beyond which the hills and valleys of another state are seen. The artist needs no foreign tour when his own country possesses such food for the pencil.

In another particular has nature lavished her favors here, situated so far above the valleys and tide water, fogs, those provocatives of chills, fevers, and many other diseases, "flesh is heir to," never reach here, and the pure, invigorating properties of the mountain air, are enjoyed with benefit by the consumptive patient and the overtaxed citizen, without dread of those ills which too frequently attack the summer visitors to country places.

Amusements suited to every taste have been provided at the Springs, and the appliances for them are so arranged, that those

who do not desire to participate, may not be annoyed by those who do.

The stable is supplied with good saddle and driving horses, and the rides about Ephrata are beautiful, the roads are good, and every mile opens out new beauties in the scenery.

Baths of every description have been arranged upon the different springs, and they are all popular, from the powerful mountain douche to the children's plunge, in the valley. The beneficial effects of these spring baths have been wonderful, and so numerous are the cures which have been wrought by them, that by many they are considered, under proper advice, infallable.

The arrangements for bathing are ample to accommodate all, cold and warm baths are introduced into the hotel for the accommodation of invalids. The mountain douche has a fall of twenty-five feet and is a favorite bath with the gentlemen visitors.

The water is of the purest quality, both for drinking and bathing, being pure, soft, sandstone and slate; it possesses highly healthful qualities, which have been evinced in very numerous instances upon invalids who have tested it.

There are a number of different springs upon the premises which vary in temperature from 49 to 52 degrees, Fahrenheit.

The country around is in the highest state of cultivation, and arrangements are entered into, so as to have the table supplied constantly with an abundance of every seasonable article, and the experience of twelve years has enabled the proprietor to entirely avoid any difficulty in this particular.

Great care is taken in the selection of cooks and waiters, and no expense is spared in securing the services of the best. The business of the house is conducted in a quiet orderly manner, and a system prevails which insures that no guest shall lack careful and prompt attention.

In the household, ladies will find careful and attentive maids, and a supervision over their comforts unobtrusive yet successful.

Ephrata Mountain Springs have been in existence as a watering place for twelve years, and each succeeding summer has

witnessed additional buildings and accommodations to meet the increasing demands for rooms; the company, composed of residents of almost every State of the union, have always expressed themselves delighted with their visit and many are yearly guests. A disposition has always prevailed to please and be pleased, and this, united to the attractions of the place itself, could not fail to make time pass agreeably and render the anticipation of another visit pleasurable.

During the past winter, additions and improvements have been made, which will, it is hoped, meet with the approval of the guests. The new Park in front of the buildings has become quite a feature, with its walks, fountains, and summer houses. The lovers of billiards will find new tables with all the recent improvements in the billiard room. And even the horses have had their comfort consulted in the new and improved stables. Gardens and hot houses have been added, and the lovers of flowers will find them in profusion, both as to variety and quantity.

In order that his guests may have one of the comforts of country residence in perfection, Mr. Konigmacher has made his arrangements for supplying the table with every variety of vegetables, *raised upon the premises*; transferred immediately from the garden to the cook, and placed upon the table within a few hours of the time they leave the vines, vegetables present a striking contrast to those which reach the tables of the citizens of crowded cities, carted for miles through the dust and sun and exposed for hours in the market.

The cellar is properly looked after as well as the larder, and wines and liquors are selected with the greatest care. In short, nothing has been neglected that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of the guests, and support the reputation of the place, which has been established entirely upon its own merits. No extra exertion has ever been made to secure patronage, more than to please those who did come, the success of this course has been fully manifested, in the fact that boarders of the previous year

generally return the following season, accompanied by friends who are induced to try Ephrata from what they have heard of it.

Every arrangement possible has been made to render the access to the Springs easy from all quarters. Lines of stages connect at Lancaster with the morning and noon trains from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, York and Baltimore, stages leaving Reading upon the arrival of the early morning train from Philadelphia, arrive at Ephrata at 12 o'clock, noon. The time from Philadelphia to the Springs by either of these routes is five hours.

For reference we copy Mr. Konigmacher's circular, in the back of this pamphlet.

THE NOBILITY OF CHRISTIANITY.

In the sketch of the early history of Ephrata, we had occasion to speak of Peter Miller. A few extracts from a well written sketch by Wm. M. Fahnestock, M. D., founded upon an incident of the Revolution, will serve more fully to illustrate the singleness of purpose and purity of spirit of the early fathers of Ephrata.

“It is an easy matter to be a friend, and a very bold friend, in a good cause, while that cause is popular and it prospers; but it takes a stout heart, and a very stout heart, to embrace a cause under unpropitious circumstances and sore persecutions, and that particularly when its interests and its prospects of success are on the wane, and it is likely to overwhelm its advocates with infamy and obloquy. The contrary course has ever been the tendency and practice of mankind, generally; nay, thousands have ever been found ready to turn their heel against the most holy cause they may have espoused, when dark hours lower and portentous reverses beset them. Every period of the world’s history, in every nation on earth, affords numerous and pertinent illustrations of this position; but it was a distinguished characteristic, in the noble struggle of our forefathers for Independence, that few, very few, comparatively, of such renegades were found among the sires of the Revolution. Next to Benedict Arnold, we may, perhaps, rank Michael Widman, not for any corresponding traits of talent or character, but for his perfidy and pusillanimity.

“Soon as the news was spread abroad of the colonies having thrown off their allegiance to their Sovereign, the King of Great

Britain—the people of almost every county or district organized themselves into *Committees of Safety*; who undertook to succor the cause of Freedom, and aid in supplying the means to carry on the conflict for Independence. Distinguished among these organizations, was the Committee of Safety, of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania; at whose head was Michael Widman, a prominent, enterprising citizen, who had been exceedingly zealous in the cause of his country.

“Widman kept a public house at the crossings of the Lancaster and Reading road with the Brandywine and Paxton road, a short distance from Ephrata, the German Seventh-day Baptist settlement. There was no man more active, nor of bolder pretensions, than the same Michael Widman, while the star of Freedom was in the ascendant; but he proved to be only a fair-weather man—a time serving, truckling dastard—one moved by the lowest impulses of the human heart, the basest cowardice and the basest treachery.

“One evening, soon after General Howe had taken possession of the city of Philadelphia, two men, who had come incog. to reconnoitre the Ephrata establishment, to which place the wounded soldiers were sent by General Washington, after the battle of Brandywine, rode up to Widman’s tavern, and asked for lodgings. While they were seated at their supper, soon provided, they addressed Widman pleasantly, who was standing with his back to an open window; and after some common-place remarks, Widman blusteringly inquired, “Whether they knew how that insidious scoundrel General Howe was getting along in Philadelphia.”

“Flushed, instantly, by the invidious remark, one of the men asked with some warmth, “What, sir, would you think if you were to see General Howe before you?”

“Think?” he replied, as hastily, “I think I should see as damn’d a scoundrel as ever walked.”

“In an instant the stranger sprang on his feet, and present-

ing a pistol to Widman's breast, exclaimed, "You —— rebel, you are a dead man."

"With as great agility, Widman threw himself out of the window, backwards, and thus saved himself. As the night was dark, he eluded pursuit: and the strangers, fearing a disturbance in the neighborhood from the occurrence, left immediately, and were never seen again in the parts."

Although a tavern keeper Widman was the most prominent man in that part of the country at the time, and always exercised an influence, for weal or for wo, as he bent his inclinations. He lived about midway between Ephrata and the old German Reformed Church of that vicinity; to which Peter Miller ministered before he embraced the principles of the Seventh-day Baptists, and became a brother in the Monastic Establishment; over which he was soon called to preside, as Prior. Widman was one of the '*Vorsteher*' in the German Reformed Church at the time Miller changed his views of divine truth, and attached himself to the Baptists, and he persecuted him unrelentingly, and to the most shameful extent; even made it his habit to spit in the venerable old man's face, every time and every where he met him, and otherwise abused and maltreated him scandalously.

After Widman's escape through the window, he first directed his course to the cornfield, then to the rocky margin of the Kochhalekung, (now Cocalico,) but not feeling safe or secure any where, and regarding his days numbered if detected, he, in his extremity, sought the place where no one would ever suspect him of being concealed, and secreted himself in the Brother's House in Ephrata, of whom he had been such a shameless reviler and persecutor—not only of the Prior, but many of the other brethren, Entering its long narrow passages, which were never barred at night, he made his way quietly to the attic, or rather the upper, unoccupied, loft, in the peak of its high roof, and there lay, behind a stack of chimneys, three days and three nights, without food or drink.

Ruminating on his position, his sad predicament, and fearing

the worst, he resolved to go to Philadelphia, and endeavor to conciliate General Howe; and finding his way out, again, about midnight on the fourth night, he communicated his purpose to his wife, supplied himself with money and such clothing as he deemed needful, and set out at once for the city.

“On his arrival in Philadelphia, he hastened to General Howe’s Quarters, and asked admission on the plea of having important matters to communicate to the commanding officer.

“When Widman was ushered into the presence of General Howe, he became very much embarrassed, and could not give utterance to a single word. To break that unmeaning pause, the General inquired, ‘With whom am I in communication?’ Widman hesitated, and then said, that ‘when assured that forgiveness would be granted to one who had embraced the American cause from the onset, and had, in his zeal, been discourteous to the royal cause and its adherents, he would add important information of stores and ammunition concealed for the rebels.’

“While making this declaration, two officers were thumbing a book of entry on record before them, and before General Howe opened his lips in reply, the officers directed his attention to the page before them. After reading a short paragraph, during which he glanced his eye several times at Widman, he suddenly exclaimed, ‘Ah! sir, you are Michael Widman.’

“It was like a thunderbolt to him. He fell on his knees, and besought his mercy; and not only begged like a poor culprit, but proffered his services to perform any duty against the Americans.

“General Howe’s only reply was, ‘that it was the policy of the British officers to encourage disaffection in the rebel ranks; yet, one who had occupied such a position in the confidence of his countrymen, as he, Widman had, and could prove treacherous to them on so slight a pretext—such a cowardly, contemptible pretext, could never be trusted in the Royal cause;’ and gave him permission to depart, with orders that he be seen safely beyond the English out-posts. Widman had not left his home two days before his wife proclaimed his purpose of dark treachery.

Despatches were sent to all the American stations connected with the immediate detachments, apprising the officers in command, and the Committee of Safety of the lower counties, of Widman's design, and all were on the alert to secure him.

"On approaching the first out-posts of the American lines, he was discovered and arrested. He was carried to the nearest Block House, at the Turk's Head, now West Chester, where he was carefully kept in durance until a Court Martial was summoned on his case.

"The action of the Court was prompt and summary, and he adjudged to be hung—the penalty for traitors in that day.

"Among all who expressed an opinion on his base treachery, among his neighbors, who denounced him without stint, there was but one person who withheld condemnation and denunciation—but one soul that cherished a kindly thought for him; and that was Peter Miller—the much-abused Peter Miller.

"Peter Miller, on hearing of his arrest set out immediately, to the Camp at the Valley Forge; at which place he arrived, just as General Washington had approved and despatched, by a courier, the finding of the Court Martial. Miller, being intimately acquainted with General Lee, who had visited him frequently, at Ephrata, as a Scholar, was presented to the Commander-in-Chief immediately. Washington received him graciously, for he had heard much of him favourably, as connected with the Ephrata Monastic establishment, during the war of 1756—the French war, as it was denominated—and had the highest testimonials of him in advance of this interview, from all the Officers and Surgeons in attendance on the wounded at the Cloister.

"Washington requested him to be seated; but Miller replied, that his business with him would not admit of a moment's delay—that it required immediate despatch; and instantly proceeded to plead for mercy towards Widman most forcibly, most eloquently.

"It was a majestic tableau to look upon the American Com-

mander-in-Chief, General Lee, and several other staff-officers, and Peter Miller, in his monastic wardrobe, standing in front, forming a most imposing group. Peter Miller was a tall man, of much grace, clad in a long grey tunic or toga, secured by a simple belt around his waist, while the cowl thrown back exposed his exuberant snowy hair and strong white beard, flowing in graceful waves over his shoulders, and covering his whole chest in front, while his expressive face, strongly marked with intelligence and benignity, was animated by the warmest benevolence, as he sued for the life of a fellow-being. All were absorbed in listening to the burning words falling from the Prior's lips, which subdued the military idea of *retaliation* almost entirely, in every breast, all began to regard the Commander-in-Chief as disposed to exercise his prerogative of mercy; but rallying himself to the responsibility of his station, he replied: 'Friend Miller, there is scarcely any thing in this world, that I would deny to you, but such is the state of public affairs, that it would be fatal to our cause, not to be stringent, inexorable, in such matters, and make examples of renegades to the cause of Liberty; otherwise I should most cheerfully release your friend'—

“‘Friend!’ exclaimed Miller, interrupting General Washington, and at the same time throwing up both his hands, as if in attestation to the Searcher of Hearts—‘he is my worst enemy—my incessant reviler. For a Friend I might not importune you; but Widman being, and having been, for years, my worst, my malignant, persecuting enemy, my religion teaches me “*to pray for those who spitefully use me.*”’

“The tears coursed down the brave old Commander's cheeks, and taking Miller by the hand he replied: “My dear friend, I thank you for this lesson of Christian charity. I cannot resist such a manifestation of our divine religion; the pardon shall be granted on one condition, and that is, you be the bearer of it yourself, and hand it to the Commanding Officer at Turk's Head, in Widman's presence.’

“Miller assented to the condition. The pardon was prepared

with the least possible delay, and handed to the Prior, who sat out immediately, and reached the Turk's Head on foot, late that night, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles.

“Rising early next morning, after a sleepless night, he found the front of the Block House surrounded by a few soldiers drawn up in a hollow square, having a gibbet in the centre, and Widman standing on the step, with a rope adjusted round his neck, addressing those present. He acknowledged his treachery, and acquiesced in the award; warned them to faithfulness and steadfastness to the cause of Liberty; and just as he was beseeching mercy from above, Miller stepped forward and handed to the commanding officer a package stating in an undertone, that it was from the Commander-in-Chief, in reference to the matter before them. While the Commander of the post was perusing the document, Widman espied Peter Miller. He blushed, and became greatly agitated, not knowing anything of the design of the Prior's visit, and could only assign his presence to the gratification it would afford him to see so vile and abusive a persecutor receive his just deserts. Widman, summoning up courage, addressed Miller from where he stood: ‘Peter Miller, whatever has prompted your presence at this place, at this time, I avail myself of the occasion to acknowledge my great and multiplied abuse and persecution, with which I have followed you for years past; and esteem it the kindest providence, that I have the opportunity to retract my numerous villifications and outrages upon you and crave your forgiveness. My unmitigated persecution of you was beyond measure, and although I have no right to look for forgiveness for such wanton maltreatment, yet I trust that I may find pardon above’— ‘The Commanding Officer interrupted Widman at this point, by announcing to him, that the Commander-in-chief had granted a pardon for his crime; and presenting Peter Miller, added, ‘Here is your deliverer.’ ”

Extracts from Letters written by Visitors to Ephrata Springs.

[*Correspondence of the Press.*]

LETTER FROM "GRAYBEARD."

EPHRATA MOUNTAIN SPRINGS, AUG. 17, 1859.

Said a happy-faced Teuton to me on Market street the other day, "gif me plenty money, and I vill not long lif in Phecladelphy." And where, sir, would you go to? "Paris, Vienna, *Charmany! ze garten of ze worlt!*" was the prompt response. The last six words breathed a love of "*vaterland*," which I could not but admire. Germany, in many respects, may not be improperly called the "garden of the world;" but what I desire here is, to put upon imperishable record the fact that, to grand old *Pennsylvania* belongs, beyond the possibility of intelligent cavil, the proud epithet—*the Garden of the Union*. "What a noble State is ours!" was my almost unconscious exclamation on looking from the observatory at this place, for the first time yesterday morning.

There are within—I was going to say something about the boundless and almost infinitely varied resources of Pennsylvania, but the very thoughts of them mock my undertaking it in a single letter. How true it is that Pennsylvania is unknown, even to her own people. The too general ignorance, which still prevails, of the manufacturing and mercantile importance of our great metropolis, is, if anything, still more general in its application to the State as a whole. Not but much *is* indeed known of Pennsylvania; yet I hazard nothing in saying that not more than one-tenth even of her own population have any accurate idea of her vastness in all the natural elements of a great empire, or even of a hundredth part. The declaration that Pennsylvania contains within her borders a larger aggregate of fertile soil, mineral wealth, beautiful rivers, and sublime scenery, than any other spot of equal size on the face of the earth, may safely

challenge contradiction. And tell me, is this nothing for the sons of her soil to be proud of? That this affluence of resources has too long been left to cry unheard for certain kinds of development is true enough; but sooner or later, the intelligent traveller, in making the tour of the world, will find in the broad, productive vales, the million-featured hill-sides, and the majestic mountains of Pennsylvania, the *dessert* of his cosmographical pilgrimage.

But I must not forget that I am writing a watering-place letter—that I am writing from Ephrata Mountain Springs. I arrived here on Saturday. I had heard much of the satisfying beauties of the place; so much, indeed, that I was half inclined to give my informant credit for a slight tinge of exaggeration; but, having seen for myself, I can now, in the language of the Queen of Sheba on her visit to Solomon, exclaim, “Behold, the half was not told me!”—aye, nor the tenth part. To be formal in such matters, I suppose I ought to say a word about the “House,” the quality of the accommodations, &c., before proceeding; but in this a dash of my impetuous pen must here suffice, for I am eager to paint for your readers—though in crude outline it may be—the magnificent cosmorama which meets the eye from the top of yonder tower. I will add, however, that the culinary, gustatory, somniferous, walking, riding, sporting, and general ruralizing facilities and capacities of Ephrata Mountain Springs fill the outline of my ideal of what such an institution ought to be, to a nicety, and in the most essential parts have not a few advantages over any other summer resort that I have ever visited. By the way, if we have no *Kings* in this country, we have the best kind of material, and plenty of it, for making Kingdoms, and are not without our *King-makers*. Our excellent host, J. Konigmacher, Esq., as his name implies, answers to the latter, and, sooth to say, his own personal appearance is no mean endorsement of the salubriousness of his delightful resort. He is not a “*lath* man,” as Ward Beecher would say, in any sense; and, what is more, he is as princely in his social qualities as a

cultivated gentleman, as he is ponderous in *physique*. He is a "host" that deserves the name, and all his boarders (of which there have this season been, at one time, about four hundred) second your correspondent in his opinion. But to the observatory—the magnificent view from yonder tower!

By a richly-wooded, gradually-ascending path we reach this point in a comfortable twenty minute's walk, just such as everybody *ought* to take once a day the year round. The strongly-built skeleton tower which we are now to ascend is over sixty feet high, and when you reach its top you will be elevated some six hundred feet above the fresh water arteries that thread the undulating plane below. Do not expect to feast your vision upon the terrific grandeur that meets the traveller's eye from the summit of *Mount Blanc*; nor to look upon the scarcely less awe-inspiring expanse that startles us from the top of our native Catskills. No, no, but you shall see what in a hundred particulars is the superior of both—a *circular garden, over two thousand square miles in extent*! Having attained the topmost platform, rest for a moment, wipe the perspiration from your brow, then carry your eye steadily around where the pale blue hills trace their dim outline against the paler sky beyond, and then tell me whether the picture within, below, around, pleases you. Lancaster county, the suggestive synonym of "oil and wine," in agriculture, in all its length and breadth, forms the interior, or fore-ground of this lovely scene. Think of that!—of an immense country like this being taken in at a glance, with the living, growing, substantial wealth of an empire nestling in its bosom! But you shall see beyond, banks on banks, grand and varied in their outline—not such as break; they are the rock-ribbed store-houses of vast treasures for the future to develop. Looking nineteen miles northward you see a pale blue knob rising behind a nearer mountain range; that is the Never-sink Mountain, one mile below the city of Reading. Contracting our view in this direction, Reamstown and Adamstown are distinguished. Proceeding eastwardly along the spinal column of

this hemispherical expanse, we trace what are termed the Forest Hills, which divide Berks from Lancaster and Chester counties ; and that “dip” in an almost due easterly direction is the Gap at Morgantown, where the Welsh Mountain, commences.

Morgantown, it may be noticed in passing, is one of the oldest towns in this county. It was originally settled by the Welsh, and was called Bangor ; its founders having emigrated to America at an early day, among whom were the parents of Rebecca Meredith, the *first white female child born in Philadelphia*, and who, as I learn from the lips of a great-great-grand-daughter of this noted lady, now at my elbow, was of the same ancestry as our distinguished townsman, William M. Meredith, Esq., the original head having come to this country in the same vessel with the Rushes, and others, from whom some of our most eminent men in more modern times have sprung. The Welsh Mountain, already named, extends, and forms the extreme eastern outline of our view, a distance of three miles below the town of New Holland, to a place now known as Roland’s Mill, distinguished in our Revolutionary history for having been the headquarters of the Tories in this region. In the same direction, but at a greater distance, is the gap beyond the Pequea Valley, through which runs the Pennsylvania Railroad. Southward from this point are seen the Octorara Hills, deriving their name from their North of Ireland settlers, and forming the dividing line between Lancaster and Chester. The next prominent point in view marks the heights in Cecil county, Md., where these hills terminate, giving place to the Susquehanna range in the south-west. Centrally located in this division of the picture, are distinctly seen the spires and prominent buildings in the city of Lancaster, thirteen miles distant, and westward from this we notice the smoking furnaces at Columbia. Forty-five miles from where we are standing, Gibbon’s Point, Harford county, Md., rises into view ; and carrying the eye westward, a part of York county, in the vicinity of Peachbottom, is brought into view. From this point the western outline presents an unbroken, but

gracefully undulating range of hills to beyond Harrisburg on the northwest, in surveying which we take in portions of Cumberland and Perry counties; but beyond this inner chain in the direction of Carlisle, at a distance of sixty miles, is seen Sterrett's Gap, and still further southwest, about ten miles, we distinguish the faint outline of the renowned Doubling Gap, near the dividing line of Cumberland and Perry. The point where the Pennsylvania railroad crosses the Susquehanna, a few miles above Harrisburg, is also visible. The next prominent section of background is the range of Conewago Hills, dividing Dauphin from Lancaster county. These hills are but another name for the "South" Mountain which for many miles in this State forms the north-western boundary of the great Kitatinny Valley. Proceeding northward from the last point, the direction of Cornwall is reached, where are located the celebrated ore banks. Here a small portion of Lebanon county is embraced in the picture. Next are seen the locations of Myerstown and Womelsdorf, in Berks, and beyond these the Blue Mountains in Schuylkill county, on the opposite side of Lebanon Valley.

In commencing, I spoke of a two thousand square miles garden, which, however, by no means represents the entire area embraced in this magnificent view.

After all, I have but rudely sketched the mighty frame, while the picture itself has been entirely untouched. This I know will be the verdict of every reader who has seen the great original. The chequered beauty of the scene below—threaded, as it is, with roads and running streams, and dotted with villages, (including Litiz, and the two Ephratas, with their wonderfully interesting reminiscences,) inland cities, great velvet patches of primeval forest, and broad fields scattered far and wide, of every hue—laughs at the very idea of *description*. It is impossible, even did my exhausted space not sternly veto the attempt. Besides this, I did not come here to burden your columns with voluminous letters.

Now for the "vast embowering shades!" A party of "fellows" have this morning determined to gratify their cane-ine proclivities by going up the mountain in search of dog-wood walking sticks. As "I'm in," good by for the present. GRAYBEARD.

LETTER TO THE SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN,

FROM REV. MR. MAY, OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Ephrata Springs, Pa., Aug. 14.

MR. EDITOR:—It is time that we (or I) studied geography over again. Who has known of Ephrata Springs, or of the geography and history of the village which supplies the name?—And yet who that visits this beautiful spot, will not desire to see and enjoy its advantages again? Will you hear a word or two about it? With no purpose of my own, I was drawn hither by a Providential call. Here are to be found visitors whose homes, as shown by the register, are in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, and interior parts of Virginia, &c. Some years ago, a Hydropathic institute (as it is called) was established here, which as it gained reputation, drew invalids from various quarters. Their friends and accidental visitors required accommodations. This induced the proprietor of contiguous lands, (J. Konigmacher, Esq.,) a descendant of the first settlers, to allow rooms in his capacious dwelling to be occupied by them. Each summer the demand for rooms grows, so that now (after five or six years) he has been constrained to enlarge his buildings and to secure, by rent, the use of chambers in neighbors' houses. The Hydropathic Institute, though holding its first position, is far outgrown by the Hotel which is the resort of individuals and families seeking health or recreation or the delights of "rural sights and sounds" to the number of 350 or 400. The demand is still for more rooms, and I understand additions are to be made to the buildings. What now are the attractions?

There is first, singular purity and healthfulness of atmosphere. The air that comes down to the Grindelwald from the ever during snows and glaciers of the Schreckhorn and the Wetterhorn and Finsterarhorn, or that which falls from the ices of Mt. Blanc, through the gorge of the Mer de Glance, is not purer. There the springs, not mineral, but distillations from the freestone of the hills, furnish waters as pure as the dew. The *site* has peculiar charms, in the heart of one of the finest agricultural regions of Pennsylvania. The boarding house itself is on the slope of a wooded hill, mountainous in size and form, from which flow the waters referred to, supplying baths of all kinds, pools, shower and douche. A walk up that hill through an old forest of three fourths of a mile, leads to an observatory of three or four stories, from which a view is had, of richness and beauty rarely seen. The panorama embraces a horizon of perhaps 200 miles or more, within which, as in an amphitheatre, lies the city of Lancaster in full sight (13 miles off) numerous villages, churches, streams of water, and innumerable farms in highest cultivation. The whole makes a picture containing the finest elements of beauty of landscapes. There is extent, and all the lines of beauty in hills and plains and forest colors, still life and the motions of peaceful toil, splendid fields of grass and of corn, dwellings and barns, showing riches, activity and power. One of the best judges in such matters, who had just been contemplating it, said a day or two ago, that he thought "few such views are to be found in America. It lacks only one feature, that is lake or river, to make it perfect." The native population is for the most part German, retaining in general, the language, and the habits of honesty, simplicity and industry which distinguished their forefathers more than 100 years ago. The village of Ephrata was settled originally by a remarkable Christian sect, the Seventh Day Baptists, of whom there are yet here some interesting remains. Their place of worship, and a sister's house and a brother's house, built more than 100 years ago, are yet standing and in proper use. The brothers, men leading a celibate life, devoted to religion but with-

out vows, have disappeared, leaving their house as a memorial of time gone by.

A few sisters (each of whom has a narrow cell, or place of lodging and a place for cooking food, communicating with each other, with passages hardly two feet wide,) still linger in advanced years, the seared leaves that show that though once there was the spring of life and growth, now the fall is at hand. The present race gone, the whole crop must cease. They also are not under vows, for such unscriptural results are not allowed, and may retire for married life or for other objects according to their own judgment. Their venerable pastor, verging on fourscore, wearing a patriarchal beard and exhibiting the simplicity of patriarchal manners, meets the visitor with the purest kindness. He is a native of the spot, but had ministered the greater part of his life to another portion of his sect, a hundred miles distant. After an absence of almost 50 years, he has now returned to give his last services to those who remain at his native place. When we saw him he was in the act of feeding a few domestic animals. He strayed to acknowledge our salutation, and extended his hand in honest greeting. He is kind, and obliging and candid. To the question whether or not he preached every Sunday, he replied that he preached every *Sabbath* which led to an exposition of the peculiar feature of the creed of the sect, that is the keeping for holy time the Seventh Day, instead of the first day or Sunday. The first day, he averred was not a holy day by divine ordinance, for it was not kept as the Christian Sabbath till the year 221, when Constantinople made a law on the subject. He added, that it was alleged, by most Christians, that the day of holy rest was changed, after our Saviour's resurrection, to the first of the week, but he had been searching the Scriptures for more than 50 years and had never found the proof of it. If he could find proof of the change, he should be glad to accept it. He was asked whether he regarded the *Sabbath* day as of *divine* obligation? Yes, he replied, that is plain and every one can read it. He was asked whether or not he had thought

of leaving that place to look out again on the world, now so changed, since he saw the cities of our land fifty years ago. No, he replied meekly, I wish only for the time when I may be taken to see the city of the Jerusalem which is above.

* * * * *

Sunday dawned on us, a bright and peaceful morning. There being no house of worship at a convenient distance, arrangements were made for religious service in one of the large parlors of the boarding house. Both in the morning and in the evening, a congregation were assembled ; such portion of the audience as could not find room within, having convenient space in the large piazza, which has free communication through windows and doors. The Liturgy of the Episcopal Church was never heard in all this region till quite recently. On a few occasions, before yesterday, as for instance, the Sunday previous, when the Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania officiated, it has united the voices of many members of the church from among the assembly. A Virginia presbyter, accidentally drawn to this place, was the minister for yesterday's services. If, "out of his latitude," it was only in the geographical sense, for cordiality of welcome and genuine kindness showed that it sufficed in any parallel, north or south, that he was ready to exercise his ministry. And where did ever the words of our common prayer sound more like the voice of devotion than here in the quietude of this secluded spot? And the chant, sung by many tongues, to the time of a parlor instrument, gave forth a melody which, for sweetness of simplicity and devotional effect, no Cathedral choir could exceed. I believe the forms of worship in the Protestant Episcopal Church are seldom so much commended to the judgment, taste and devotional spirit of an assembly of worshippers, as on that Sunday, in the midst of the associations of rural beauty and quietness, of a simple minded population. In the absence of architecture and of all the influences of the arts which are addressed to the imagination, the Liturgy was left to the power of its evangelical simplicity and truth.

[*Correspondence of the Pennsylvania Inquirer.*]

EPHRATA MOUNTAIN SPRINGS,

August 10.

There is still a large company at this truly beautiful place of summer resort, and I understand it has been very much patronised this season. There is no doubt but that under the direction of its very energetic and able proprietor it will become one of the very first places of the kind in the country. Having visited Spa, Homberg, Ems, Weisbaden, and other celebrated watering places in Europe, besides many in our own country, I am free to say that in regard to the beauty of the scenery, &c., they are far inferior to Ephrata, and if mountain air and pure water have any virtue, this is the place to find them. To those who have visited it, not a word need be said in its praise; but to the lovers of nature and the picturesque, I can freely commend the hills and valleys now "clothed in living green," which surround the Hotel at Ephrata Springs. The eye is constantly delighted with beautiful pictures of natural scenery, while the body is invigorated with the bracing mountain air, and the numerous baths of pure water, of various degrees of temperature, in the mountain douche—the shower, plunge and other baths—even the luxury of the warm bath, can be had in the house; and the mountain springs are confined in their course, and made to serve in hydrants, for the use of the house, and for ornamental fountains. New York has its Saratoga, why should not Pennsylvania have its Ephrata, and it would be good policy in Philadelphians to make a better acquaintance with people of their own State, and cultivate a friendly feeling with the storekeepers of Pennsylvania, many of whom receive their supplies entirely from Baltimore, because Baltimoreans have paid them more attention. Ephrata Mountain Springs are owned by Joseph Konigmacher, Esq., of Lancaster County, who is indefatigable in their improvement, and spends annually several thousand dollars towards the object. Mr. Konigmacher is one of the most intelligent men of the Keystone State, and has served for several years as a

member of our State Legislature. He is well acquainted with the resources of the State, and with affairs in general. With a host so intelligent, visitors may be certain that nothing will be wanting to afford satisfaction to them. A good band of music enlivens the place, and every evening the social Hop takes place, to amuse such as are fond of dancing. There are various other amusements, besides delightful walks to the top of the mountain, where, from an observatory can be seen a natural panorama unsurpassed by any I have ever seen, embracing the City of Lancaster in the distance, besides many villages, farm houses, and a fertile country for a distance of thirty or forty miles around, with field on field of "waving corn." A Pennsylvanian should feel proud of such an evidence of the grandeur of his native State. Ephrata abounds in charming rides, and those who do not bring up their horses or vehicles, can hire at reasonable rates from a livery stable near the hotel. A beautiful cottage with an ice cream saloon, is on the premises, where ices of pure cream may be had in their perfection. The country around is also very interesting on account of its reminiscences. A few miles off is the pleasant village of Litiz, with its excellent schools, kept by the Moravians—and close at hand is the society of Seventh Day Baptists and their quaint convent and chapels. These buildings were erected as early as 1725, and in the French war were freely opened to the inhabitants of Paxton, &c., who fled from their homes, and in the American Revolution they were again opened for the wounded soldiers of the battle of Brandywine, who were sent there, but the camp fever breaking out, about two hundred of them died, and are buried together. A monument has since been raised on the spot. The Seventh Day Baptists had a paper mill in those days, and the American Army sent there for paper for cartridges, but finding none, seized several wagon loads of proof sheets of Fox's Book of Martyrs, which were taken and fired off against the British at the battle of Germantown.

L. W.

CIRCULAR.

EPHRA TA MOUNTAIN SPRINGS

Will be open for Visitors on the 10th day of June, 1860.

This WATERING PLACE is situated on the Cocalico Ridge, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, thirteen miles north-east of Lancaster, eighteen miles south-west of Reading, and on the Downingtown, Ephrata and Harrisburg Turnpike Road, fifty-nine miles west of Philadelphia, thirty-eight miles east of Harrisburg, and eleven miles north of the Bird-in-Hand Station on the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad. The buildings are located on the most elevated spot in the country, and about twelve hundred feet above tide, which renders the atmosphere as pure and dry in the night as during the day. Here the South Mountain is the dividing ridge; the waters on the south side run into the Chesapeake, and on the north into the Delaware. Persons desirous of exercising in the shade, will here find graded walks through a dense forest, to the different Springs and Mountain Douche, (where the water falls twenty-five feet,) and to the Observatory, from which is presented the richest, most extensive, and greatest variety of Landscape Scenery to be met with anywhere. The City of Lancaster and many other towns and villages can be seen. Points in eight other counties, and in the State of Maryland, are visible to the naked eye. In a western direction, mountains are seen at a distance of seventy miles, north thirty-five miles, south forty miles, and east twenty

miles ; and the whole of Lancaster County, being a territory of nearly forty miles square, is in full view.

The water is pure, soft sand-stone and slate, consequently is very superior for drinking and bathing. As a recommendation of its quality for restoring to health and vigor diseased and frail constitutions, we would refer only to those who have availed themselves of its use, without any further comment. The temperature of the different Springs is from 49 to 52 degrees Fahrenheit.

Four hundred persons can now, with the extensive additional improvements, be comfortably accommodated. Superior cold and warm baths have been erected on the second floor of the Hotel. The Mountain Baths, as well as all the different baths near the buildings, have also been much improved: Ten-pin Alleys, a large and airy Billiard Saloon, with the latest improved tables, manufactured by Stout, of Philadelphia, under the roof of the main building; additional Stabling and Carriage Houses. The Cooking Department is removed from the main building, and other improvements made that will add materially to the comfort and accommodation of the visitors.

THE SPRINGS ARE ACCESSIBLE

BY THE FOLLOWING RAILROAD ROUTES:—

From Philadelphia and from the West, five trains daily, each way, making the time from Philadelphia to the Springs, Six Hours *via Lancaster*, by good coaches, over thirteen miles good roads, connecting with the morning and afternoon trains.

Passengers from Baltimore via York, Columbia and Lancaster, leaving Baltimore by the morning train, will be carried to Lancaster without any delay at Columbia.

Coaches will be furnished at any time by J. & D. REESE, at the City Hotel, Lancaster.

Large parties from either of the above places, had better advise Messrs. REESE a day in advance.

Persons wishing to come from Philadelphia by the Bird-in-

Hand Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, will please write or telegraph to the proprietor of the Springs a few days in advance, when conveyances will be sent.

Passengers from New York, by East Pennsylvania Railroad via Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown and Reading, in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Also Passengers from Philadelphia and Pottsville, and by the Lebanon Valley Railroad, will take coaches at Bourbon's Mansion House, Reading, eighteen miles to the Springs, arriving in time, by the morning trains, for dinner.

The Springs may be reached from Pittsburgh, or from the Lakes in one day. Through Tickets from Philadelphia to the Springs, via Reading Railroad and Stages from Reading to the Springs, \$2 50; can be procured at the Reading Railroad Office, Philadelphia.

As all the trains do not stop at the Bird-in-Hand Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, it is deemed advisable to make *Lancaster* the regular stopping place: at this point there is an abundance of conveyance at all times.

There are Daily Mails from the East, South, North and West, via Lancaster and Reading.

Telegraph Dispatches, and packages sent by Adams' Express, via Lancaster, are delivered daily.

There will be kept on the premises, as usual, a STOCK OF GOOD LIVERY HORSES AND CARRIAGES, for the accommodation of visitors.

There are a great variety of pleasant drives and good roads in the vicinity.

No expense has been spared in securing experienced Assistants; a superior Band of Music, a good Barber, and careful Hostlers are employed, so that every attention is paid to the comfort of visitors. The best refreshments, and every effort will be made to procure the delicacies of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Markets, which, in addition to the good market at the place, will warrant us in providing a good table. All the vegetables are raised on the premises.

Through Tickets will be issued at the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot, Eleventh and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and at the Springs, including thirteen miles staging from Lancaster to the Springs.

Tickets for Single Trip \$2.50, and for the Round Trip \$4.00.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS FOR SALE ONLY AT THE OFFICE OF
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY,
IN PHILADELPHIA.

For further information, address


S. C. SLAYMAKER,

Ephrata Post Office, Lancaster County, Pa.

H. H. REINHART, } ASSISTANTS.
~~C. S. SLAYMAKER,~~ }

TERMS:

Board per day, for less than a week, \$2.00; Board per day, for less than four weeks, \$1.50; Board per week, for four weeks, or the season, \$9.00. Children eating at the second table, half price. Servants half price. Washing, usual rates. Horse keeping, per week, \$3.50.

 The Proprietor refers for circulars and more particular information, to JOSEPH B. MYERS, corner of Third and Vine Streets, and to JAMES S. EARLE, No. 816 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DIRECT ROUTE

FOR PRIVATE CARRIAGES FROM PHILADELPHIA TO THE SPRINGS :

Turnpike to Downingtown, 30 miles ; thence to Ephrata, 28 miles.
Total, 58 miles.

THE BEST SUMMER ROUTE IS

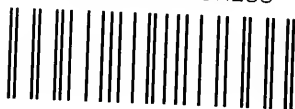
From Philadelphia to Massey's Tannery, via West Chester Road and Boot Road, 26 miles ; thence to Lionville, 4 miles ; thence to Eagle Tavern, 2 miles ; thence to Wallace Tavern, 4 miles ; thence to Loag's Corner, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; thence to Turnpike Top of Hill, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; thence to Morgantown, 4 miles ; thence to Churchtown, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles ; thence to Fairville, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles, thence to Hinkletown, 4 miles ; thence to Ephrata Springs, 3 miles. Total, 62 miles.

A more pleasant summer road, for the distance, is seldom met with in any country, for travelling in private carriages.

There is on the premises good livery stock, consisting of saddle and carriage horses, and first-rate carriages.



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